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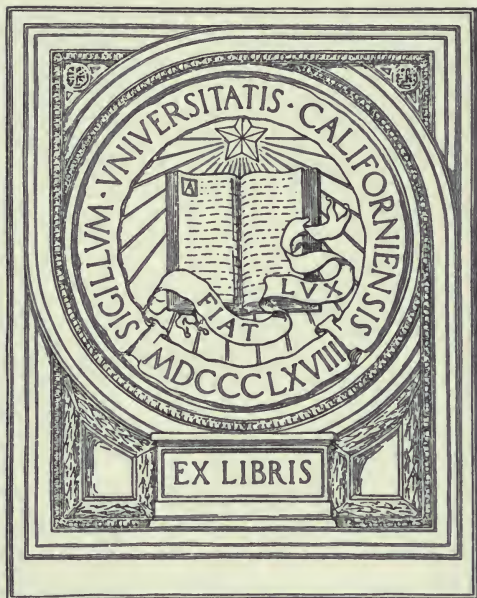
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AN
ADDRESS
TO THE
LITERARY MEMBERS
OF
THE UNIVERSITY.

BY
COUNSELLOR BICKERTON, ESQ.

“Richard’s himself again.”
Shakspeare.

OXFORD:
PRINTED AND SOLD BY MUNDAY AND SLATTER.
1816.

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U.S. DEPT. OF
AGRICULTURE

AN ADDRESS, &c.

SINCE the publication of the first Number of my "Lamentations" I have entirely changed my plan, and shall no longer mourn over my own sins; but will seize the lash, and endeavour to make others lament their vices and their follies. "Semper ego auditor tantum?——" No, no, I am determined to do justice to the University of which I have the honour to be a member. No longer shall the Etonians continue to reign triumphant over us. They with reason boast that the Microcosm has not yet been equalled by the idle Oxonians; but I trust the time is now approaching when they shall be forced "to hide their diminished heads," and acknowledge their total defeat. For this purpose I call on my brethren of the Gown for their assistance, and request to be favoured with their Communications on all interesting subjects. I hope the Isis will occasionally give up some of her votaries; that the charms of the oar and the melody of the

aquatic band will yield to the claims of Science and Literature. I utterly despair of the Tandem Club—of the Knights of the Whip: “——facilis descensus Averni:——Sed revocare gradum,——” “there is the rub.” They are too far gone in their folly. The Belles Lettres have no charms for them. The extravagant senseless taste for a *leader* has led them beyond the power of my rod. I leave them in their besotted career, which I am afraid will never terminate whilst they have either credit or cash remaining.

As I before said, I solicit the assistance of all that are inclined to take up their pen in behalf of their ALMA MATER. Those who wish to learn the opinion of the public respecting their compositions, may send them without even the possibility of ever being known. They may deposit them in the letter-box in the window of my Printers, or consign them to the Penny Post-Office, addressed to me at Messrs. Munday and Slatter's.

I shall use my own discretion respecting the admission of the Communications sent to me. The only subjects I have a real dislike to are Party Politics and Polemics. Writings in favour of the British Constitution, as established, or on National Economics, I earnestly solicit. I wish, however, my Correspondents

to understand that I am not an admirer of the “Vagabond” style. I think our own language is sufficiently copious and sonorous ; I disapprove of that tasteless attachment to French words, which boys just escaped from their boarding-schools are so ridiculously fond of. Why in the name of common sense should we Frenchify the *Military Art*? Do not those words sound as well as “*L’Art Militaire*?”* I have no objection to quotations, but I am so true a John Bull that I most firmly believe we are as much superior to the French in our Language as we are in our Arms ; and that the present vitiated taste for interlarding our sentences with Gallic frippery arises principally from the vanity of being thought adepts in that language.

I wish to call the attention of my literary brethren to one particular part of the Belles Lettres. I mean Criticism on new and popular works, as it possesses all the attraction of novelty in Essays of this nature. The species of Criticism I wish for is to be found in the Quarterly, British, and Edinburgh Reviews. Not a mere string of quotations from the best or the worst parts of the publications reviewed ; but also dissertations illustrative of the various subjects ; anecdotes of the

* Il Vagabondo, No. 1.

authors; and allusions to other works of the same nature.

I shall not object to my Paper being the vehicle for bringing before the public "Rejected Essays and Poems," which although not deemed worthy of being placed first in the academical list, may yet possess great merit, and may do honour to myself and their authors.

I cannot help hoping that my *Lucubrations*, assisted by the literary strength of Oxford, may at some future period stand by the side of the "*Connoisseur*," which sprang from the same source. We have not a Bonnell Thornton, a Warton, and a Colman amongst us in these days; but I could mention many of equal literary celebrity, and I anticipate with rapture our producing a Periodical Paper in this University which will outlive the day of its publication, and may be thought worthy of being collected together, when finished, and given to the world in the shape of a **BOOK**.

I am arrived thus far without giving my Miscellany a name. I find the ceremony of christening my intended work a very arduous undertaking. I am like Tristram Shandy's Father, very fond of particular names. We have had the *Connoisseur*,—The Student,—The Looker On,—The Olla Podrida, and va-

rious other appellations in Oxford; but here Mr. Shandy has the advantage of me. He wished for a name because it had been worn by some great personage: I must not take one that has been used before:—but I cannot lose my time in seeking for a name, the Printer's boy being now with me, loudly calling for "*more Copy, Sir*;" I hope, therefore, that some Correspondent will send me a title, enclosed in his Essay or Poem, as early as possible.

By the bye, I wish my own name to be kept in recollection. It should be remembered that the "*Lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaffe, Esquire*," alias "*The Tatler*," obtained and still possess great celebrity; and why not the "*LUCUBRATIONS OF COUNSELLOR BICKERTON, ESQUIRE*," alias the "*—————*." My Correspondent will fill up the hiatus.

Some of my Readers may think it necessary to enquire into my history. This they may soon have an opportunity of being acquainted with, as I have in the Press "*Memoirs of my own Life*," which no doubt will be equally as interesting as the Life of any other learned Man that has lately appeared in "*The Public Characters*" of Sir Richard Phillips, although I cannot dub myself B.D. a Senior Fellow and Tutor of ——— College, and one of the Public Examiners.

Previous to the appearance of my LIFE, I must, however, say a few words about myself, at least so far as relates to my intended farrago:—but stop, gentle Reader,—a sudden thought strikes me.—Why not make FARRAGO the Title of my Miscellany? It shall be so; and now be it known unto all Persons, that NUMBER ONE of the “FARRAGO,” or the “LUCUBRATIONS OF COUNSELLOR BICKERTON, ESQUIRE,” will be published on Monday next, the 17th instant, and will continue to appear weekly, during Term, as long as the University shall remain. Let not this bold assertion startle my Readers. I have deeply studied “Hermippus Redivivus” with my learned friend and fellow Collegian, Constantine Demetriades, the great Athenian Philosopher; and have read through the thirty-six Books on Philosophy and the six on Physics, written by Hermes Trismegistus, who flourished under Ninus, Anno Mundi 2076. These inestimable treasures were discovered, a few years since, in a vault under the foundation of our College Library, and have been wisely withheld from the inspection of all but myself, and our learned Principal. I am (although unlike the Wandering Jew in his “Vagabond habits”) similar to him in longevity, and I mean to amuse and instruct Oxford, until—I was just going to say—“time shall be no more;” but, upon reflec-

tion, I find that I must eat and drink, although immortal; and I know my Printers will expect to be paid their bills regularly; therefore my "Terminal Miscellany" must have a termination, unless I discover the Philosopher's Stone, by perusing the celebrated Manuscript entitled "*Περὶ τῆς ἱερᾶς τέχνης τῆς τοῦ χρυσοῦ καὶ τοῦ ἀργύρου ποιήσεως*," written by Zosimus the Panopolite, in the year of Christ 316; the only copy of which was in the King of France's Library, until my Hartwell friend, LOUIS XVIII. sent it to me from Paris, as a reward for my services.

My Coadjutors, I am sorry to say, are at present not very numerous. Constantine Demetriades has promised me two Comedies, and one Tragedy in modern Greek; a beautiful Cossack Ode, which he picked up during his last trip from Greece to St. Petersburg, and a Dissertation upon the Greek language, clearly proving that the Professors and Tutors know nothing of it; and that he is the only person now in England who is able to teach it, as it should be taught, in this and every other University.

My Friend and travelling Companion during my last CIRCUIT, has kindly given me some specimens of his poetical talents, which I have placed at the end of this my Prefatory Address; and I hope for many

more of the effusions of his muse during the progress of my "FARRAGO."

Owing to the visit of the Commissioners of the Crown to our College, who expelled all the Members I had the honour to number amongst my acquaintance, I unfortunately lost many of my promised assistants. I have made diligent researches for them in the Attic Lodging Rooms of St. Thomas's, but, unfortunately, without success. I do not however despair. At all events I look to the Gentlemen to whom I have addressed this Preface and hope I shall not be disappointed. I wish them to conceal their names, even from me and my Printers; because I mean to exert the full powers of my judgment^s in my editorial capacity, and will not, if I can avoid it, be biased in any way as to the admission or rejection of the Articles sent to me.

Every Composition I receive on subjects that are likely to have a libellous tendency, which may endanger my own or my Printers' ears, will be strictly examined by myself, clothed in all the majesty of Wig—that Wig which has so often excited the admiration of Undergraduates in St. Mary's Church, the Schools, and the Town-Hall; no risk, therefore, can be incurred, for my talents as a Counsellor

are known throughout the University. I conclude my long Preface in the language of the Lottery—
 “Delays are dangerous. The Numbers to be drawn on the 17th will be rapidly bought up. Repair, therefore, with all possible expedition, and leave your orders with Messrs. Munday and Slatter, on Carfax ; **PRINTING-OFFICE** over their door in large characters.”

COUNSELLOR BICKERTON, Esq.

New College Lane, Oxford,

June 8th, 1816.

P.S. Enjoying my short pipe, (a present from our worthy HEAD) and wrapt up in cogitation on the sublimity of my favourite Hermes, I was suddenly awakened from my reverie by the abrupt appearance of a patriotic Cordwainer, who has always shewn much friendship towards me. In one hand he held a pair of shoes; in the other a paper. The shoes he begged me to accept, as a mark of gratitude for the pleasure he had experienced in reading the first Number of my Lamentations; but hinted that he expected something more from me. After a little prelude, he unfolded the wet paper he held in his hand, and begged me to read with attention what he called the most gross **LIBEL** that ever yet appeared in print. I took the sheet from him and discovered it to be “*Il Vagabondo*,” No. 2. I read over the passage which he called a Libel, and told him I could not say much on the subject, as I had very little to

do with Oxford Tradesmen, in consequence of my providing all the things I wanted from—it's no matter from whence—but if he would take *my* chair, (I am not fond of the incumbrances of useless furniture) and state to me what he had to say on the subject, it should appear on Monday next, by way of Postscript to my Address. After a few hems and ha's, and begging that I would put it into a proper style, he began—"You see, Mr. Counsellor, by this here paper."—I beg the reader's pardon, I am to put it into my own language; therefore I will begin again—"You see, Mr. Counsellor, by this paper, that all Oxford Tradesmen are scoundrels; in fact not only scoundrels, and the epitome of impudence and cunning, but huge poisonous Spiders, ever on the watch to devour the poor unfortunate, simple Flies, called *Freshmen*, who happen to drop from Chaise, Coach, Curricie, Gig, or Pony, upon this devoted spot of the globe, called Oxford. As soon as they alight on *Terra Firma*, these poor Flies are unmercifully clutched in the fangs of the Spider Tradesmen, dragged to their dens, wrapt round and entangled in the black web of endless ruin; or if ever the least remorse should enter the bosoms of the venomous Spiders, the Freshmen Flies are at last liberated; but so deeply empoisoned by the wounds inflicted on them, that they are inevitably doomed to spend the remnant of their days in disappointment, misery, and regret. Now, Mr. Counsellor, I'll tell you my opinion of the Vagabonds, who wrote this lying Libel;—they did it for the sole purpose of sending it to their Fathers or

Guardians, by way of excuse for so frequently writing for supplies of money, *for certain purposes*, without enclosing their Tradesmen's receipts in their letters.

“In my turn I will give a little advice and information to Freshmen, through the medium of your book, Mr. Bickerton—Members of the University may, by the mere exertion of their common sense, spend as little in Oxford as in any other place in the kingdom. They can purchase their clothes of every description, their provisions, their books, in fact all that they *should* have, as cheaply as elsewhere; even if they do not pay ready money. If they are determined to be extravagant, they may be so most certainly; and where is the place in which they cannot? If they will run into the way of incurring heavy Surgeons' bills, which leave many a wreck behind; pay a guinea or two per day for a tandem or a hunter; have constant wine-parties; instead of dining in the College Refectories, procure their dinners from Inns or Coffee-houses; run up enormous bills for pies, tarts, soups, and sugar plums; and enter into various nameless extravagancies, which must be paid for with their *ready money*; their after years of life will, most probably, be embittered; constant irritation of mind must be engendered; and they (and their parents also) will feel disposed to curse the day when their names were entered on the college books of Oxford. Mr. Counsellor, I speak strongly, but I speak the truth.

“The observations in the Vagabond respecting the facility of running into debt, I cannot controvert. I wish I

could. Were it more difficult I should be much richer. We Oxford men are much like those of other towns, very fond of ready money when we can get it; and if the learned wights who clubbed their wits together one week to puzzle, and the other to libel, would devise a scheme for abolishing Day Books and Ledgers, I would be the first to open a subscription for erecting a monument to their memory. But, alas! I am afraid we must still go on in the same way; indeed I doubt very much if these great writers themselves are guilty of the *d——d bore* of paying their bills at sight.

“Were the Oxford Tradesmen proved to be the villains represented in the *Vagabond*, and proof might be easily obtained if the charge be true, justice may instantly be done to the Members of the University. The Vice-Chancellor’s Court can crush the offending parties with the utmost facility; the wretches may be discomfited, or in other words, banished from the place, and the evil put an end to as soon as discovered. I, Mr. Bickerton, have lived long in this place. I have observed very few Tradesmen get rich in it. In other places they retire upon a decent independence after labouring for twenty years or less; but here that seldom occurs; indeed the poverty of Oxford Tradesmen is almost proverbial, and in no place I ever visited, have I observed less extravagance amongst men in business, or so few horses, gigs, or other equipages kept by the Tradesmen.

“There are, undoubtedly, in this as well as in other places,

dishonest men; but it is the most wanton cruelty, Mr. Bickerton, to charge a whole body with the crimes of a few individuals; and to set down all the Oxford Tradesmen as villains, because the writers may have suffered from the dishonesty of a few. Mr. Bickerton, I am ashamed of these cowardly assassins that stab in the dark; as well might I, Sir, act in the same way towards the University; because I have bad debts on my books; but I scorn such base, unmanly conduct, and will say before you, Mr. Counsellor, what I have always said, that although I occasionally lose some money by that body, probably from my own carelessness, that there is no set of men, of any description whatever, that I would sooner place (and I speak from long experience) on my Ledgers, than the Members of the University of Oxford." Here my friend, the Shoe-maker, concluded; and after reading what I had written from his dictation, was so well pleased, that he instantly promised me a pair of new boots for my use during my next Circuit, kindly wished me a good evening, and left me to my pipe, my Hermes, and my friend Zosimus the Panopolite. Soon after Mr. ***** was gone, I espied the *Vagabond* he had left in my room, and curiosity induced me to look into it. When I came to the attack on the Tutors, I threw down my pipe, put on my cap and gown, and set off to my kind Benefactor at ——— College, one of the fraternity. Unfortunately he was out of his room, therefore I cannot yet say positively that my next Number will be "A Vindica-

tion of the Tutors of Oxford from the scurrilous attacks of Anonymous Writers.*

* I find that the Printer of "Il Vagabondo" has since withdrawn some of the Passages alluded to in my Postscript; but many Copies containing them having gone abroad, I still think it necessary to publish the Observations of my friend the Shoe-maker.

POEMS

BY

MY TRAVELLING FRIEND*.

*A Translation from the "ΔΕΙΜΜΑΤΑ ΑΘΗΝΑΙΑ" of
CONSTANTINE DEMETRIADES.*

LO! where to scale and emulate the skies
The Dorian towers of Theseus' fane arise!
Hallowed, thrice hallowed, be the sacred cell
Where thy dear ashes, classic Tweddell, dwell.
Hallowed for ever be the holy shrine,
Where sleep the relics of a soul like thine.
Science and Virtue there their vigils keep,
Where, youthful Sage, thy mortal remnants sleep.
Oft on thy tomb shall fall the passing tear,
E'en Elgin's self shall pause from ruin here.

* Vide Page 9.

Lines sent with a parting Present.

Oh think whene'er thou view'st this tome,
 On him who's far away:—
 Him who, where'er his feet may roam,
 From thee can never stray.

Through changing scenes of weal or woe,
 Whate'er may be his lot,
 'Twill sooth his bitterest hour to know
 That you forget him not.

And if within thy breast should die
 Of him all memory,
 His latest prayer, his parting sigh,
 Shall breathe a prayer for thee.

“Oxford: Its Men and Manners for the Year 1816.”

Il Vagabondo.

Lots of Bawds—a brace of Proctors—
 Spires and Domes—and Fools and Doctors—
 Books and Boats—and Gigs and Tandems—
 Caps and Gowns—and W***** and Randems.

“ Dum vivimus — vivamus ” —

AN IMPROMPTU.

Come quick around the bottle pass,
 My friends, and who can blame us ;
 There's virtue in a social glass,
“ Dum vivimus — vivamus.”

Afar from sorrow, and from grief,
 No mortal cares shall claim us.
 From woe's dark book let's rend a leaf,
“ Dum vivimus — vivamus.”

Come fill the glass again my friends,
 Let sober loons disclaim us ;
 'Tis mirth that study's brow unbends,
“ Dum vivimus — vivamus.”

*Epigram on the three London Bootmakers
 HIGHBY, HOBY, and HUMBY.*

By Highby charged for boots too high,
 I for relief to Hoby fly,
 O'ercharged, to Humby next I come,
 But find *High ! Ho ! 'tis all a Hum.*

"Dun rhydd — rhydd —
 A'n dymuniad."

Flourish'd against the hostile force,
 My friends, and who can blame me,
 There's virtue in a sword's edge,
 "Dun rhydd — rhydd."

After from sorrow, and from grief,
 The mortal cups shall drain me,
 From wear's dark bowsher's tent a leaf,
 "Dun rhydd — rhydd."

Come all the glens again my friends,
 Let softer tones soothe me;
 The north that stony brow unbinds,
 "Dun rhydd — rhydd."

Byron on the way to the mountains
 Glenartney, Glenartney, and Glenartney.

By night, when the deep's the high,
 I for relief to study lie,
 O'erchanged, to study now I come,
 But find what I find all a dream.

2

THE
FARRAGO:

OR
THE LUCUBRATIONS

OF
COUNSELLOR BICKERTON,
ESQUIRE.

No. I.

OXFORD:
PRINTED AND SOLD BY MUNDAY AND SLATTER.
1816.

THE

MARAGO

THE LUCURATIONS

OF

COUNSELLOR BENTON

REGISTER

No. 1.

OF WORD.

REGISTERED AND SOLD BY BENTON & S. ALLEN

1810

THE FARRAGO.

MONDAY, JUNE 17, 1816.

To Counsellor Bickerton, Esq.

SIR,

IN consequence of your hint relative to criticism on new and popular works, I enclose you a Critique on Mr. Coleridge's last Poem. Should it meet with your approbation, I hope it may be honoured with a place in your "Farrago."

T. O.

Oxford, June 14, 1816.

*Christabel—Kubla Khan—the Pains of Sleep—by
S. T. Coleridge, Esq. pp. 64. London, 1816.*

Concerning the merits of Mr. Coleridge the readers of poetry have been much divided: the praise of original genius has been denied to him by none; but many are disposed to reduce that praise to a very limited compass.—Now to state our own opinion of Mr. C.; he has always appeared to us as possessing a more than common share of wild and creative talent; but as marvellously deficient in what alone can render

that talent universally attractive and popular—a sound and critical judgment. Under these impressions we took up the Poem which forms the subject of this article, and on perusing it received a stronger conviction from every page, that we had rightly appreciated the merits of the Author. It will be recollected that Lord Byron in his Notes to the “Siege of Corinth” bestowed a very high compliment on the then unpublished poem of “Christabel.” Such flattering notice coming from so celebrated a quarter, naturally excited great expectations among the literary world. The admirers of Mr. Coleridge’s former works looked exultingly forward to that auspicious day which should greet the publication of the renowned Manuscript. But when that day did at last arrive, and the paper-knife had been applied to the first pages beyond the Preface, how mournfully was expectation disappointed. The first pages, instead of the beauty so celebrated by Lord Byron, exhibited nothing but a continued farrago of childishness and discord. As the perusal continued, a few flickering gleams of genius enlightened the dreary path, till at length even these were no more perceptible through the increasing darkness which overshadowed the conclusion. The world was at length too well convinced of the satirical talents of Lord Byron, and discovered, too late, that when he praised the originality, beauty, and wildness of the unpublished “Christabel,” he was only repeating the experiment which he had tried in his own “Siege of Corinth,” namely, to discover the exact measure of stupidity which the sanction of a name could induce the readers of poetry to admire.

“Christabel” is confessedly an unfinished poem ;— we shall not, therefore, in its present state, enter into any discussion of the merits of its plot.—It will be sufficient to give the outline of it. The scene opens in the middle of the night ;—Christabel, the daughter of “ Sir Leoline rich,” has, in consequence of sundry dreams of her lover which had annoyed her on the preceding night, strayed into the wood adjacent to her father’s castle. She is here praying in silence under a “ huge oak tree,” when a sudden noise alarms her. She starts up in dismay, and steals gently to the other side of the tree, and there beholds

“ a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white.
Her neck, her feet, her arms were bare,
And the jewels disordered in her hair.
I guess, ’twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she,
Beautiful exceedingly.”

Christabel, after invoking the protection of heaven, asks this unknown damsel her name and story. The stranger replies—

“ My sire is of a noble line,
And my name is Geraldine.
Five warriors seized me yesternorn,
Me, even me, a maid forlorn :
They chok’d my cries with force and fright,
And tied me on a palfrey white.
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,
And they rode furiously behind.
They spurr’d amain, their steeds were white ;
And once we cross’d the shade of night.
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
I have no thought what men they be ;
Nor do I know how long it is
(For I have lain in fits, I wis)

Since one, the tallest of the five,
 Took me from the palfrey's back,
 A weary woman, scarce alive.
 Some mutter'd words his comrades spoke:
 He plac'd me underneath this oak,
 He swore they would return with haste;
 Whither they went I cannot tell—
 I thought I heard, some minutes past,
 Sounds as of a castle bell.
 Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she),
 And help a wretched maid to flee."

They reach the chamber of Christabel, after much
 exertion on her part to sustain the sinking spirits of
 Geraldine. Christabel accidentally mentions the name
 of her mother, when—

"Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?
 Why stares she with unsettled eye?
 Can she the bodiless dead espy?
 And why with hollow voice cries she,
 'Off, woman, off! this hour is mine—
 'Though thou her guardian spirit be,
 'Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me.'
 Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,
 And rais'd to heaven her eyes so blue—
 Alas! said she, this ghastly ride—
 Dear lady! it hath wilder'd you!
 The lady wip'd her moist cold brow,
 And faintly said, 'Tis over now!
 Again the wild-flower wine she drank:
 Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
 And from the floor whereon she sank,
 The lofty lady stood upright:
 She was most beautiful to see,
 Like a lady of a far countrée.

And thus the lofty lady spake—
 All they, who live in the upper sky,
 Do love you, holy Christabel!
 And you love them, and for their sake

And for the good which me befel,
 Even I in my degree will try,
 Fair maiden, to requite you well.
 But now unrobe yourself; for I
 Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie."

Christabel disrobes herself first accordingly, and
 "Lies down in her loveliness."

She cannot however refrain from watching the motions of Geraldine. She accordingly raises herself on her elbow and looks towards the stranger.—

"Beneath the lamp the lady bow'd,
 And slowly roll'd her eyes around;
 Then drawing in her breath aloud,
 Like one that shudder'd, she unbound
 The cincture from beneath her breast:
 Her silken robe, and inner vest,
 Dropt to her feet, and full in view,
 Behold! her bosom and half her side——
 A sight to dream of, not to tell!
 And she is to sleep by Christabel.

She took two paces, and a stride,
 And lay down by the maiden's side:
 And in her arms the maid she took,
 Ah wel-a-day!

And with low voice and doleful look
 These words did say:

In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell,
 Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!

Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-morrow
 This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow;

But vainly thou warrest,

For this is alone in

Thy power to declare,

That in the dim forest

Thou heard'st a low moaning,

And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair:

And didst bring her home with thee in love and in charity,
 To shield her and shelter her from the damp air"

This finishes the first part ;—we have, however, in what is termed a “ conclusion to part the first,” some farther intelligence of the proceedings of the night.—

“ With open eyes (ah woe is me!)
Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,
Fearfully dreaming, yet I wis,
Dreaming that alone, which is——

O sorrow and shame ! Can this be she,
The lady, who knelt at the old oak tree?
And lo ! the worker of these harms,
That holds the maiden in her arms,
Seems to slumber still and mild,
As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,
O Geraldine ! since arms of thine
Have been the lovely lady’s prison.
O Geraldine ! one hour was thine—
Thou’st had thy will ! By tairn and rill,
The night-birds all that hour were still.
But now they are jubilant anew,
From cliff and tower, tu—whoo ! tu—whoo !
Tu—whoo ! tu—whoo ! from wood and fell !”

Christabel

“ Gathers herself from out her trance,”
and “ sheds—

“ Large tears that leave the lashes bright.”
and then,—

“ Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,
Like a youthful hermitess,
Beauteous in a wilderness,
Who, praying always, prays in sleep.
And, if she move unquietly,
Perchance, ’tis but the blood so free,
Comes back and tingles in her feet.
No doubt, she hath a vision sweet.
What if her guardian spirit ’twere
What if she knew her mother near?
But this she knows, in joys and woes,

That saints will aid if men will call :
For the blue sky bends over all !”

Part the second commences with a most ludicrous scene.

“ Each matin bell, the Baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death.
These words Sir Leoline first said,
When he rose and found his lady dead :
These words Sir Leoline will say
Many a morn to his dying day.
And hence the custom and law began,
That still at dawn the sacristan,
Who duly pulls the heavy bell,
Five and forty beads must tell
Between each stroke—a warning knell,
Which not a soul can choose but hear
From Bratha Head to Wyn’dermere.
Saith Bracy the bard, So let it knell !
And let the drowsy sacristan
Still count as slowly as he can !
There is no lack of such, I ween
As well fill up the space between.
In Langdale Pike and Witch’s Lair,
And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,
With ropes of rock and bells of air
Three sinful sextons’ ghosts are pent,
Who all give back, one after t’other,
The death-note to their living brother ;
And oft too, by the knell offended,
Just as their one ! two ! three ! is ended,
The devil mocks the doleful tale
With a merry peal from Borrowdale.”

The peal arouses Geraldine, who—

“ — nothing doubting of her spell,
Awakens the lady Christabel.”

After praying that—

“ — He who on the cross did groan,
Might wash away her sins unknown,”

Christabel accompanies the lady Geraldine to her father, Sir Leoline; and then follows what we decidedly think the most beautiful passage in the whole book.—

“ But when he heard the lady’s tale,
 And when she told her father’s name,
 Why wax’d Sir Leoline so pale,
 Murmuring o’er the name again,
 Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine?
 Alas! they had been friends in youth;
 But whispering tongues can poison truth;
 And constancy lives in realms above;
 And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
 And to be wroth with one we love,
 Doth work like madness in the brain.
 And thus it chanc’d, as I divine,
 With Roland and Sir Leoline.
 Each spake words of high disdain
 And insult to his heart’s best brother:
 They parted—ne’er to meet again!
 But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining—
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
 A dreary sea now flows between,
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been.”

The Baron determines to send Geraldine back to the mansion of her father, and salutes her with a warm embrace, when,—

“ —————a vision fell
 Upon the soul of Christabel,
 The vision of fear, the touch and pain!
 She shrunk and shudder’d, and saw again
 (Ah, woe is me! Was it for thee,
 Thou gentle maid! such sights to see?)

Again she saw that bosom old,
 Again she felt that bosom cold,
 And drew in her breath with a hissing sound:
 Whereat the Knight turn'd wildly round,
 And nothing saw, but his own sweet maid
 With eyes uprais'd, as one that pray'd."

The vision however speedily passes away, and Sir Leoline calls to one of his attendants, named Bracy, and entrusts to him the errand of proceeding to Lord Roland's castle, and inviting him to come with all his retinue to conduct his daughter home. Bracy replies,—

"Thy words, thou sire of Christabel,
 Are sweeter than my harp can tell;
 Yet might I gain a boon of thee,
 This day my journey should not be,
 So strange a dream hath come to me:
 That I had vow'd with music loud
 To clear yon wood from thing unblest,
 Warn'd by a vision in my rest!
 For in my sleep I saw that dove,
 That gentle bird, whom thou dost love,
 And call'st by thy own daughter's name—
 Sir Leoline! I saw the same,
 Fluttering, and uttering fearful moan,
 Among the green herbs in the forest alone.
 Which when I saw and when I heard,
 I wonder'd what might ail the bird:
 For nothing near it could I see,
 Save the grass and green herbs underneath the old tree.

And in my dream, methought, I went
 To search out what might there be found;
 And what the sweet bird's trouble meant,
 That thus lay fluttering on the ground.
 I went and peer'd, and could descry
 No cause for her distressful cry;
 But yet for her dear lady's sake
 I stoop'd, methought the dove to take,

When lo! I saw a bright green snake
 Coil'd around its wings and neck.
 Green as the herbs on which it couch'd,
 Close by the dove's its head it crouch'd;
 And with the dove it heaves and stirs,
 Swelling its neck as she swell'd hers!
 I woke; it was the midnight hour,
 The clock was echoing in the tower;
 But though my slumber was gone by,
 This dream it would not pass away—
 It seems to live upon my eye!
 And thence I vow'd this self-same day,
 With music strong and saintly song
 To wander thro' the forest bare,
 Lest aught unholy loiter there."

The Baron, however, hears him with an incredulous smile, and says some words of encouragement to Geraldine; when,—

"Casting down her large bright eyes,
 With blushing cheek and curtesy fine
 She turn'd her from Sir Leoline;
 Softly gathering up her train,
 That o'er her right arm fell again;
 And folded her arms across her chest,
 And couch'd her head upon her breast,
 And look'd askance at Christabel——
 Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
 A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,
 And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,
 Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye;
 And with somewhat of malice, and more of dread
 At Christabel she look'd askance!——
 One moment—and the sight was fled!
 But Christabel in dizzy trance,
 Stumbling on the unsteady ground—
 Shudder'd aloud, with a hissing sound;
 And Geraldine again turn'd round,

And like a thing, that sought relief,
 Full of wonder and full of grief,
 She roll'd her large bright eyes divine
 Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas ! her thoughts are gone,
 She nothing sees—no sight but one !

The maid, devoid of guile and sin,
 I know not how, in fearful wise
 So deeply had she drunken in
 That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,
 That all her features were resign'd
 To this sole image in her mind :

And passively did imitate
 That look of dull and treacherous hate.

And thus she stood, in dizzy trance,
 Still picturing that look askance,
 With forc'd unconscious sympathy
 Full before her father's view——

As far as such a look could be,
 In eyes so innocent and blue !”

When this fearful trance was dissipated, Christabel entreated her father, by the soul of her deceased mother, to send Geraldine immediately away. The mighty spell, however, overpowers her, and she can speak but a few words. Sir Leoline is much enraged to find—

“ —all his hospitality

To th' insulted daughter of his friend

By more than woman's jealousy,

Brought thus to a disgraceful end.”

He regards Bracy with a stern look, and, after reprimanding his delay,

“ Leads forth the lady Geraldine.”—

To correspond, we presume, with the former part, we have a “ conclusion to part the second ;” in which if our readers can discover a single particle of either

sense or poetry, they will be more fortunate than we have been.—

“ A little child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,
A fairy thing with red round cheeks
That always finds, and never seeks,
Makes such a vision to the sight
As fills a father’s eyes with light ;
And pleasures flow in so thick and fast
Upon his heart, that he at last
Must needs express his love’s excess
With words of unmeant bitterness,
Perhaps ’tis pretty to force together
Thoughts so all unlike each other ;
To mutter and mock a broken charm,
To dally with wrong that does no harm.
Perhaps ’tis tender too and pretty
At each wild word to feel within,
A sweet recoil of love and pity.
And what, if in a world of sin
(O sorrow and shame should this be true!)
Such giddiness of heart and brain
Comes seldom save from rage and pain,
So talks as it’s most used to do.”

As we before stated, we shall refrain from all comment on the plot, until the succeeding parts be published ; which Mr. Coleridge hopes to accomplish in the course of the present year. We have been so free in our quotations, that we cannot afford much more room for the discussion of the present article. A few words, however, we may be permitted to say. We have accused Mr. Coleridge of a total want of judgment. In no poem was this essential requisite so completely forgotten. Would judgment have advised the publication of such passages as the following?—

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
 And the owls have awaken'd the crowing cock;
 Tu—whit!——Tu—whoo!
 And hark, again! the crowing cock,
 How drowsily it crew.
 Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
 Hath a toothless mastiff bitch;
 From her kennel beneath the rock
 She makes answer to the clock,
 Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour;
 Ever and aye, moonshine or shower,
 Sixteen short howls, not over loud;
 Some say she sees my lady's shroud."

And again,—

The night is chill; the forest bare;
 Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
 There is not wind enough in the air
 To move away the ringlet curl
 From the lovely lady's cheek—
 There is not wind enough to twirl
 The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
 That dances as often as dance it can,
 Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
 On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

We are aware that our decision may appear harsh to many; but we must positively assert, that on no occasion has Mr. Coleridge appeared in so degraded and degenerate a light as in the present publication. The quotations which we have given, we selected as being most illustrative of the story; they are decidedly not the worst passages in the Poem.

We have likewise asserted that Mr. Coleridge was possessed of a considerable share of original and creative talent; and we received a strong conviction of this fact from the "Christabel." One of the passages which we have above quoted exemplifies our assertion,

PARADOX

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THE FARRAGO.

TUESDAY, JUNE 18, 1816.

Poems by Lord Byron. pp. 38. London ;
Murray, 1816.

THE genius of Lord Byron is totally distinct from that of any other Poet of the present day. In his gloomy, but, we fear, too faithful pictures of the human heart—in his affecting and high-wrought scenes of tenderness—in his rich and glowing delineations of scenery—nay, even in the very structure of his verse, he stands proudly and eminently alone.—It has been truly remarked, that while the popularity of Mr. Scott has given birth to many very successful imitations of his poetry, no one has yet exhibited a tolerable copy of the Byronian train of thought and versification. To unveil and expose the inmost recesses of the heart—to drag every latent passion as it were from its lurking hole into public view, requires so much of the “mens divini” of the genuine inspirations of superior genius, that but few are found who possess either the power

to execute, or the hardihood to attempt so difficult and appalling a task. Widely different is the case with Mr. Scott—his style of poetry is of all others the most inviting to imitation: the copyist does not stand in need of the slightest knowledge either of books or the world. Suavity of versification, and a romantic border story, are his principal requisites. Having premised thus much, let us proceed to the consideration of the poems now before us. We do not think that Lord Byron is exhibited in them to the greatest advantage, although many marks of genius are discernible—to instance this, we quote the following Poem:—

1.

When all around grew drear and dark,
And reason half withheld her ray—
And hope but shed a dying spark
Which more misled my lonely way;

2.

In that deep midnight of the mind,
And that internal strife of heart,
When dreading to be deemed too kind,
The weak despair—the cold depart;

3.

When fortune changed—and love fled far,
And hatred's shafts flew thick and fast,
Thou wert the solitary star
Which rose and set not to the last.

4.

Oh! blest be thine unbroken light!
That watched me as a seraph's eye;
And stood between me and the night,
For ever shining sweetly nigh.

5.

And when the cloud upon us came,

Which strove to blacken o'er thy ray—

Then purer spread its gentle flame,

And dashed the darkness all away.

6.

Still may thy spirit dwell on mine,

And teach it what to brave or brook—

There's more in one soft word of thine,

Than in the world's defied rebuke.

7.

Thou stood'st, as stands a lovely tree,

Whose branch unbroke, but gently bent,

Still waves with fond fidelity

Its boughs above a monument.

8.

The winds might rend—the skies might pour,

But there thou wert—and still wouldst be

Devoted in the stormiest hour

To shed thy weeping leaves o'er me.

9.

But thou and thine shall know no blight,

Whatever fate on me may fall;

For heaven in sunshine will requite

The kind—and thee the most of all.

10.

Then let the ties of baffled love

Be broken—thine will never break;

Thy heart can feel—but will not move,

Thy soul, though soft, will never shake.

11.

And these, when all was lost beside—

Were found and still are fixed in thee—

And bearing still a breast so tried,

Earth is no desert—e'en to me.

At page 16 there is a beautiful copy of verses under the title of "Stanzas for Music." The metre appears at first extraordinary and unmusical. This, however, will be no longer the case, if in reading, each line be divided into two, so as to exhibit a regular succession of eights and sixes. We quote one Stanza to exemplify our meaning:—

There's not a joy the world can give
 Like that it takes away;
 When the glow of early thought declines
 In feeling's dull decay;
 'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush
 Alone, which fades so fast,
 But the tender bloom of heart is gone,
 Ere youth itself be past.

We are sorry to observe at page 21, the republication of a Poem which has a pointed reference to a subject wholly unfit to meet the public eye. The prerogative of public criticism, however unlimited in other cases be its power, cannot be fairly said to extend over the domestic conduct of living characters. By this we would not be understood as asserting, that on no occasion ought the veil which conceals private life to be torn away—but as merely condemning domestic criticism in general as cruel and disgraceful. Against the noble author of the volume now before us, the public has lately taken a most decided part—with what degree of justice or propriety it behoves not us to determine. If the noble Lord be guilty of the offences laid to his charge, no reprehension, whether of a public or private nature, would be an adequate punishment. If he be accused wrongfully, not even

the restoration of his former fame would be a sufficient compensation.—We hasten to quit this ungrateful topic, and proceed in our criticism on the remainder of the volume. The next Poem which offers itself to our notice, is an “Ode on the Battle of Waterloo,” said, as indeed all the ensuing poems are, to be translated from the French. We wish it had never been published. The sentiments contained in it are mean and revolting in the last degree. What must be thought of the following apostrophe to that arch villain Murat:—

“And thou too of the snow-white plume!

Whose realm refused thee ev’n a tomb,

Better hadst thou still been leading

France o’er hosts of hirelings bleeding,

Than sold thyself to death and shame

For a meanly royal name;

Such as he of Naples wears,

Who thy blood-bought title bears.

Little did’st thou deem, when dashing

On thy war horse through the ranks,

Like a stream which burst its banks,

While helmets cleft, and sabres clashing,

Shone and shivered fast around thee—

Of the fate at last which found thee:

Was that haughty plume laid low

By a slave’s dishonest blow?

Once—as the Moon sways o’er the tide,

It rolled in air, the warrior’s guide;

Through the smoke-created night

Of the black and sulphurous fight,

The soldier rais’d his seeking eye

To catch that crest’s ascendancy,—

And as it onward rolling rose,

So moved his heart upon our foes.

There, where death's brief pang was quickest,
 And the battle's wreck lay thickest, —
 Strew'd beneath the advancing banner
 Of the eagle's burning crest—
 (There with thunder-clouds to fan her,
 Who could then her wing arrest—
 Victory beaming from her breast?)
 While the broken line enlarging
 Fell, or fled along the plain;
 There he sure was MURAT charging!
 There he ne'er shall charge again!

The next Poem rises somewhat in the scale of poetry, though not of patriotism. It is the lamentation of a Polish Officer, whom Buonaparte had raised from the ranks, and who in vain solicited permission to accompany his master to St. Helena.—The fifth Stanza is the best:—

“ My chief, my king, my friend adieu !
 Never did I droop before ;
 Never to my sovereign sue,
 As his foes I now implore.
 All I ask is to divide
 Every peril he must brave ;
 Sharing by the hero's side
 His fall, his exile, and his grave.

The two remaining Poems may be despatched in very few words. The “ Star of the Legion of Honour ” can only be said to rank with the “ Ode on Waterloo.” It vies with it in absurdity and French patriotism. We do not think we could have used a stronger term. “ Napoleon's Farewell ” is undoubtedly the best of the translations ;—we subjoin a single Stanza :—

“ Farewell to thee, France!—but when Liberty rallies
 Once more in thy regions, remember me then—
 The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys;
 Though withered, thy tears will unfold it again—
 Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
 And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—
 There are links which must break in the chain that has bound us,
 Then turn thee and call on the Chief of thy choice!”

We know not whether Lord Byron would not have consulted his own fame by suppressing this volume. None of the poems contained in it will contribute to the exaltation of his poetical character; while many, we are sorry to say it, must operate much to his prejudice as an Englishman.—We here conclude with expressing our earnest hope, that before we meet him again he may entertain the same opinion with us of the deposed Despot of France and his sanguinary adherents.

T. O.

POEMS.

A Fragment. Written at Culloden. April, 1816.

To —————.

Oh! weep not for them—let no tear-drop be shed
 For the spirits who sleep with the patriot dead;
 Let the voice of affection be mute o’er their grave;
 Oh! give not one sigh to the fate of the brave;
 Though unhonoured they lie on the spot where they fell,
 Though the conqueror’s shout was their funeral knell,

They died not unwept:—the most pure tears are shed
 In the soft dews of heaven on the patriot's head;
 And each gale of the morning which murmureth by,
 O'er the patriot's pale corse breathes the holiest sigh.
 Then weep not for these,—but weep for *their* doom,
 Who found in their own peaceful dwelling—their tomb;
 When innocent blood stained the snow on the plain,
 And the prayer of the orphan and widow was vain.—
 —Thou merciless Chief—may their spirits who died
 To feast thee, thou monster of murder and pride,
 May these when the day of thy judgment be near,
 In appalling array round thy dark soul appear:

* * * * *

A. MACGREGOR.

*Lines addressed to ****

At the still hour of eve in a sorrowful mood
 By the willow-fringed borders of Isis I stood;
 And I gazed in a moody delight on the shore,
 Which the steps of my childhood had trodden before.
 Scarce one brief year hath passed since I stood by its tide,
 With a gay band of kindred and friends by my side;
 And now—stranger pardon that heart-uttered groan—
 I stand by its banks all deserted—alone.
 The torrents' pure streamlets roll swiftly away,
 And the scant tide of joy flows as fleetly as they;
 But the still stagnant waters of joyless despair,
 Ever linger to taint and to poison the air.

STANZAS.

1.

Oh where fleeting moments of bliss are ye gone,
 Which o'er my life's morning so lovelily shone,
 And so brightly illumined my childhood's blithe hour,
 Is it doomed, is it fated, I view ye no more?

2.

And thou too my ———, ah! where art thou fled?
 Alas! thou reclin'st, lowly laid with the dead.
 The stone nodding over thy weed-entwined tomb,
 Too surely can teach me thy sorrowful doom.

3.

Tis well—I must bow me to fate's stern decree,
 Though bitter's the draught that she mixes for me.
 But the memory of pleasures now faded, gone by,
 Brings a pang to my heart, and a tear to my eye.

Anacreon. Ode 5. To the Rose.

With roses 'twine the goblet round,
 With roses be fair Bacchus crowned;
 And whilst we hold the gay carouse,
 Let wreaths of roses deck our brows.
 Offspring of the balmy spring,
 Flow'ret of love, to thee I sing.
 Thee, the rulers of the skies,
 With the Cyprian goddess prize.
 With thee the lovely Graces crowned,
 Lightly trip the mazy round.
 Haste; let the rosy chaplet shed
 Its heavenly fragrance o'er my head.
 And with my fairest by my side,
 Fair Chloe form'd in beauty's pride,
 Gaily o'er the turf I'll tread,
 And the mazy measure lead.
 And whilst mirth and wine inspire,
 To harmony I'll wake the lyre.

To —————.

And did I weep?—I deemed that pride
 The fountain of my tears had dried.
 O deep indeed must be the pain
 That oped that bitter fount again!

But I have wept — My Marion,
 'Twas o'er the sad sepulchral stone
 That marks thy narrow funeral cell,
 Those drops of useless sorrow fell.
 Then well I deemed that deep the pain
 That oped that fount of tears again.

W. S. S.

THE MAID OF THE FERRY.

Say, lives far or near a damsel-so fair,
 So cheerful, so blithe, or so merry?
 On earth I can't find
 A nymph half so kind
 As Doris, the Maid of the Ferry.

My rivals may boast, and coxcombs may toast
 Her in old port, madeira, or sherry;
 To them I can prove
 They'll ne'er gain the love
 Of Doris, the Maid of the Ferry.

She looks up the oars, and the New Tavern scores,
 And now and then cleans out a wherry;
 The sails she can mend,
 And the parlour attend,
 For obliging's the Maid of the Ferry.

She serves at the bar, and excels all by far
 In making cold tankard of perry;
 How sweet then at eve,
 With her leave to receive
 A kiss from the Maid of the Ferry.

Both early and late her apparel is neat,
 Yet for fin'ry she cares not a berry;
 She's comely and gay,
 And now I'll away
 To Doris, the Maid of the Ferry.

H. H.

POSTSCRIPT.

I cannot permit the present Number of my "Lucubrations" to go to press without making a few remarks on a paragraph in the fourth number of "Il Vagabondo," which was published last Saturday. Most *honourable* mention is there made of my "Farrago," and a certain class of persons facetiously termed my "Attic Reviewers." The writers of this notable Miscellany seem to have just escaped from the controul of the nursery: it would appear so at least from the abundant profusion of such phrases as the following; and which all occur in one short sorry paragraph: "our darling," "premature birth of the infant," "to nurse the baby," "dandling the darling," &c. Away with such drivelling pretenders to literature. Childishness, however, forms but a minor article in the list of absurdities which I could exhibit against these unknown Quixotes in the field of literature. In page 15, we find an assertion which it may be well to notice. "Prosecution" (for the libel contained in the first edition of the second Number) "never for an instant disturbed the peaceful tranquillity of our minds: we wrote in unvarnished language what truth dictated," &c. In answer to this audacious repetition of that unfounded calumny, which I maintain fear of prosecution alone compelled the authors to withdraw, I, Counsellor Bickerton, Esq. late of Hertford College, do hereby give it as my opi-

nion, that a meeting of the Tradespeople of the good city of Oxford should be immediately convened, to take into consideration the best means of prosecuting the Authors and Propagators of the calumnious Libel contained in the second number of "Il Vagabondo." I pledge myself to afford all the *legal* assistance in my power.

Legal assistance! I will give you more than that.—I feel myself possessed by an irresistible furor—I seize my magic wand. I plunge again into the Hertford vault.—I open the sublime pages of my favourite Caballistic Writers.—Dr. Dee's unpublished Manuscripts are before me.—I invoke the spirits that were formerly at his behest.—I dive into the womb of time.—I discover the hidden secrets of nature and art.—I wave my wand.—What a sight appears before me!—The writers of "Il Vagabondo" rush from the Chapel of *. *.—with fury they drive onward, shaking their long lanky locks—they stop not until they arrive at the Conventicle in New-Inn-Hall lane—one mounts the rostrum, and instead of delighting an academical audience in the language of a Milman or a Macdonnell, he doles out a long snuffling discourse, and admonishes his *pure evangelical brethren* in the style of a Huntingdon or a Whitfield!—The sight inflames my mind, "Richard is *not* himself again." I must return to my LAMENTATIONS and my WOE; for behold another and another mount in their turn. O Alma Mater! I pity thee!—I tremble for thee! Off—Off—Methodistical cant—but what names appear before me in large black characters?—Yes, Yes, my suspicions are well founded.—The names are——

hold—the charm is broken.—Excuse me, readers, you have heard before of my sudden flights.—

I now again address you in plain language and return to another topic. The time has now arrived, when, for a season, my labours in the vineyard of literature must be suspended. Before, therefore, I conclude this parting Number, I must return my most sincere thanks to the numerous Purchasers of my Miscellany. Upon its resumption early in next term, I hope for a continuance of their favour and protection: and till that period subscribe myself, their obedient grateful servant,

COUNSELLOR BICKERTON, Esq.

*New College Lane, Oxford,
June 24th, 1816.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Essay on the Genius and Writings of Lord Byron shall appear in one of my earliest numbers next term.

T. B. C.; A. F.; and Zeno, are received.

I am obliged to Clericus for his Essay on Regeneration; but as it involves too grave a subject for this Work, I must decline inserting it.

held—the object is broken—there are readers, you
 have heard I live of my golden hours—
 I now again advise you to begin togeth-
 er, to another topic. The time has now arrived,
 when, for a season, my labours at the editorial of
 literature must be suspended. Hence, the year, I
 conclude this parting number. I must return my cord
 sincere thanks to the numerous subscribers of my
 Miscellany. Upon its re-appearance in next term,
 I hope for a continuance of their favour and protec-
 tion: and till that period subscribe myself their ob-
 dient grateful servant.

CORNELIUS HICKERTON, Edr.

At the Office of Lane Office,
 New York, 1832.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE

The Editor of the *Common and Western* of Lord Byron shall ap-
 pear in one of my columns under my name.
 J. M. E. A. B. and J. B. are received.
 I am obliged to you for the book on *Reverend*; but as
 it contains no facts or subjects for the *West*, I must decline re-
 ceiving it.

~~YB 13902~~

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